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his literary reputation, at least out there,
was secure, ends in this address to his
mother:

"The long bazaar will praise, but thou—
Heart of my heart—have I done well?"

C. B.

"The Glory of Toil"

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

WHETHER they delve in the buried
coal, or plow the upland
soil,
Or man the seas, or measure the suns, hail
to the men who toil!
It was stress and strain, in wood and cave,
while the primal ages ran.
That broadened the brow, and built the
brain, and made of a brute a man;
And better the lot of the sunless mine, the
fisher's perilous sea,
Than the slothful ease of him who sleeps in
the shade of his bread-fruit tree;
For sloth is death and stress is life in all
God's realms that are,
And the joy of the limitless heavens is the
whirl of star with star!
Still reigns the ancient order—to sow, and
reap, and spin;
But, oh, the spur of the doing! and oh, the
goals to win!
Where each, from the least to the greatest,
must bravely bear his part—
Make straight the furrows, or shape the
laws, or dare the crowded mart!
And he who lays firm the foundations, tho
strong right arm may tire,
Is worthy as he who curves the arch and
dreams the airy spire;
For both have reared the minster that
shrines the sacred fire.

Floods down the fairest valleys; fields
droop in the August blaze;
Yet rain and sun are God's angels that give
us the harvest days,
And toil is the world's salvation, tho stern
may be its ways;
Far from the lair it has led us—far from
the gloom of the cave—
Till lo, we are lords of Nature, instead of
her crouching slave!
And slowly it brings us nearer to the ulti-
mate goal of things;
We are weighing the atoms, and wedding
the seas, and cleaving the air with
wings;
And draining the tropic marshes where
death had lain in wait,
And piercing the polar solitudes, for all
their icy state;
And luring the subtle electric flame to set
us free from the clod—
O toiling Brothers, the earth around, we
are working together with God!
With God, the infinite Toiler, who dwells
with His humblest ones,
And tints the dawn and the lily, and flies
with the flying suns,
And forever, through love and service, tho
days may be drear and dim,
Is guiding the whole creation up from the
depths to Him!